

The Shelby News.

AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA.

The Shelby News is the largest and cheapest village newspaper published in Kentucky.

Terms—\$2 in advance; \$2 50, payable within six months after subscription, at which time all subscriptions will be due, and chargeable with interest.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1855.

The Kansas Squatter Sovereign of the 13th ult., says: "We hoist to day (let the day be remembered) at our mast head the name of General DAVID R. ATCHISON of Missouri as a candidate for the Presidency in 1856."

A NEW COUNTERFEIT.—A new and well-executed \$1 counterfeit note on the Northern Bank of Kentucky, Richmond Branch, has appeared. The signatures are engraved, and the entire note, unless closely inspected, bears on its face a genuine appearance. The manner of detecting it is easy; the genuine has the word "one," engraved on the top of the bill twenty times; on the counterfeit it is engraved twenty-four times.

Bounty Land Bill.—A new bounty land bill, for the benefit of the old soldier, was passed by the last Congress. The following are its provisions in full:

SEC. 1. That each of the surviving commissioned and non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, whether of regulars, volunteers, rangers or militia, who were regularly mustered into the service of the United States, and every officer, commissioned and non-commissioned, seamen ordinary seamen, marine, clerk, and lands man in the navy, in any of the wars in which this country has been engaged since seventeen hundred and ninety, and each of the survivors of the militia, or volunteers, or State troops of any State or Territory, called into military service, and regularly mustered therein, and whose services have been paid by the United States subsequent to the eighteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and twelve, shall be entitled to receive a certificate or warrant from the Department of the Interior for one hundred and sixty acres of land; and where any of those who have so been mustered into service and paid shall have received a certificate or warrant he shall be entitled to a certificate or warrant for such quantity of land as will make, in the whole, with what he may have heretofore received, one hundred and sixty acres to each such person having served as aforesaid: Provided, The person so having been in service shall not receive said land warrant if it shall appear by the muster rolls of his regiment or corps that he deserted or was dishonorably discharged from service: And provided further, That no officer, non-commissioned officer, or private, or who was called out for the service of any State and refused by the authorities of such State to be placed in the service of the United States, shall be entitled to the benefits of this act.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That in case of the death of any person, who, if living, would be entitled to a certificate or warrant as aforesaid under this act, leaving a widow, or, if no widow, a minor child or children, such widow, or, if no widow, such minor children shall be entitled to receive a certificate or warrant for the same quantity of land that such deceased person would be entitled to receive under the provisions of this act if now living: Provided, That a subsequent marriage shall not impair the right of any such widow to such warrant if she be a widow at the time of making her application: And provided, further, That those shall be considered minors who are so at the time this act shall take effect.

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted,* That in no case shall any such certificate or warrant be issued for any service less than fourteen days, except where the person shall actually have been engaged in battle, and unless the party claiming such certificate or warrant shall establish his or her right thereto by recorded evidence of said services.

SEC. 4. *And be it further enacted,* That said certificate or warrant may be assigned, transferred, and located by the warrentees, or their heirs-at-law, according to the provisions of existing laws regulating the assignment, transfer, and location of bounty land warrants.

SEC. 5. *And be it further enacted,* That no warrant issued under the provisions of this act shall be located on any public lands except as shall at the time be subject to sale at either the minimum or lower graduate prices.

SEC. 6. *And be it further enacted,* That the registers and receivers of the several land offices shall be severally authorized to charge and receive for their services, in locating all warrants under the provisions of this act the same compensation or per centage to which they are entitled by law for sales of the public lands, for cash, at the rate of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre; the said compensation to be paid by the assignees or holders of such warrants.

SEC. 7. *And be it further enacted,* That from and after the passage of this act all persons now enrolled upon the invalid pension list whose pensions have been allowed under any general law or laws shall be entitled to receive if a commission officer, twenty one per cent upon the amount now allowed, or paid under existing laws.

SEC. 8. *And be it further enacted,* That the provisions of this act and all the bounty-land laws heretofore passed by Congress shall be extended to Indians, in the same manner and to the same extent as if the said Indians had been white men.

SEC. 9. *And be it further enacted,* That the widows of officers and soldiers of the Revolutionary war be entitled to the benefit of this act.

SEC. 10. *And be it further enacted,* That the benefit of this act shall be applied to those who served as volunteers at the invasion of Plattsburgh, in September, eighteen hundred and fourteen.

SEC. 11. *And be it further enacted,* That the provisions of this act shall apply to the chaplains who served with the army in the army in the several wars of the country.

SEC. 12. *And be it further enacted,* That the provisions of this act be applied to those who served as volunteers at the attack on Lewiston, in Delaware, by the British fleet, in the war of eighteen hundred and twelve—fifteen.

SEC. 13. *And be it further enacted,* That each of the surviving officers and privates who in any of the wars in which this country has been engaged performed military service against the public enemy, though not regularly called or mustered into the service of the United States, and the widows and children of such officers and privates as are dead, shall be entitled to all the benefits of the first and second sections of this act.

Communications.

For the Shelby News.
"Sam," and his Business.—No. 1.
To the Editor of The Shelby News:

MR. MIDDLETON: The mysterious personage whose name stands at the head of this short paper, has become the subject of general remark; and his "business," if rumor may be credited, has lately brought him into almost every community. Various opinions are entertained as to his real objects, as well as to his tangible existence; and after hearing a multitude of these expressed by men, and ladies too, of all classes entitled to think and to speak, in a land of freedom, we would, if we could ever get sight of "Sam's" grizzled beard, say a word or two to him on the subject of public opinion, and that decent respect due to the views of others. Many years since, an equivocal physicality visited the seaboard of the "Land of steady habits;" not much was known, it seems, of either his personal appearance, or his objects; and for aught we may be able to adduce, this same "Sam" may be the identical being once known as "The Massachusetts Sea Serpent," and afterwards discovered at his post several times upon the open surface of the Atlantic, by the officers and crew of "Her Majesty's ship Dardanus." At all events, before we begin to deal seriously in the matter, he is considered, and by the way of assuring him of our good intentions, in endeavoring to relieve him of a slight degree of public odium and false accusation, we would sum up the subject matter of general conjecture, as follows, and for "Sam's" private and special benefit:

"Sam, you are Old Nick, himself, Or some other grim amanuensis, Or other emissary etc. That in strange form, and false pretences, Come hither at your side's command To muse the folks of Yankee Land.

"As there's enough to be had and see What you're up to, you're up to, To make a en' Sarge look with awe, And set the lesser naps a shaking, And you seen anxious to resort, Where'er you find the greatest sport."

All pleasantries aside; the question has arisen, by consequence of "Sam's" assertion of real presence, as to whether there be any necessity for an ostensible demonstration against the supposed increasing influence of Popery in the United States; and because we have sum up the subject matter of general conjecture, as follows, and for "Sam's" private and special benefit:

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Henry F. Middleton, Editor and Proprietor.

"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, I conjure you to beware us, fellow-citizens; the jealousy of a free people ought to be our natural defense against the encroachments of power. We have the most important interest in the preservation of a republican government. Washington is it time we should become a little more Americanized?" —JACKSON.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1855.

Of Sales, advertised in the Shelby News, and by bills printed on the News Office.

AT PRIVATE SALE:

The fine Residence of Mrs. Lane, in Shelbyville. The Farm and Slaveholding to the estate of R. W. Glass, deceased. See ad.

AT PUBLIC SALE:

The tavern house and other property belonging to the estate of Isham Talbot, dec'd. See ad.

WE are authorized to announce that THOS. S. PAGE, present Auditor of Public Accounts, is a candidate for reelection. —791

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Read all the special notices.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WORTH ATTENTION. We refer our lady readers to the Card of Mrs. EATON and Miss GUILD. In these days of "hard times," it behoves wives and daughters to help their husbands and fathers to save the dollars.

CORN AND PRODUCE. See the advertisements of Messrs. STOUT, of Louisville, who have corn for sale, and desire to purchase country produce.

NEGRO GIRL FOR SALE. Inquire of the Printer.

BEEF. See the advertisement of John SHINDLER. There is no better butcher in the West than CHARLES E. BLUMER.

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONS, &c. See the advertisements of MESSRS. BURKHARDT, and of MESSRS. McMILLAN & MOORE, of Louisville. No cleverer men to deal with in that city.

FARM FOR SALE. See the advertisement of JOHN R. BECKLEY, attorney for HENRY BECKLEY.

Our Correspondent.

Minnie May. A delightful poetical effusion, from the pen of this fair correspondent, will be found on the first page. Do not let her lines portray the very soul of poetical imagery!

Eloise. We give on the first page, two pretty sketches from the pen of this pleasing writer. They are well worth your perusal.

Boy in the White Hat.—A "Chim" from this correspondent is also given on the first page. "Mazy" mustn't be inquisitive to know who he is. He has also picked up a "basket of Chips" since his arrival. This time, los, in a conference with the Louisville Times, he is not worth the ammunition.

Our Correspondent. Our correspondent gives some good advice to tobacco chewers

J.J.— The title of this article will attract attention; and the reader will find the author's position maintained.

Mr. Nealon's article on Alcohol will unquestionably be read; and will have its due weight.

Will not do it.—In the law providing for the increase of the army, Congress directed that another Brigadier General should be added to the list, with the view of the station being given to General SHIELDS. But President PIERCE will not confer the office upon him, it appears, because Gen. S. is not a native citizen, and the President is afraid of farther offending the American party.

\$300.—Gov. POWELL has offered a reward of \$300 for the apprehension of LOGAN HARRIS—who escaped from the jail of this county on the night of the 2d inst., and who was awaiting his trial for the murder of GEORGE GILL. Harris is thus described in the Governor's proclamation:

Logan Harris is about twenty three years old, five feet ten inches high; rather slender; dark hair; black side whiskers; keen black eyes; rather pale from long confinement, and will weigh about 140 or 145 pounds.

Villany.—On the 3d instant, two stock-yards of ROBERT WICKLIFFE, Esq., of Fayette county, were set on fire, and about fifty stacks of oats were consumed. They were valued at about \$3,000. The yards were about half a mile apart.

Sam's State Ticket.—It is said that Sam's State ticket is composed as follows:

Governor—Wm. V. LOVING, Whig. **Lieut. Governor—Jas. G. HARDY,** Dem. **Auditor—Thos. S. PAGE,** Whig. **Register—ANDREW M'KINLEY,** Dem. **Attorney General—JAS. HARLAN,** Whig. **Treasurer—R. D. WINTERSHIT,** Whig. **Superintendent of Public Instruction—Rev. John D. MATTHEWS,** Democrat. **President B. L. D. R. HAGGARD,** Whig.

K. N.—The Louisville Courier publishes the following ticket, as having been nominated, according to rumour, by the Know Nothings to be supported at the city election in April. We thought that the question had been settled, that the Mayor's term did not expire until 1856:

For Mayor—JOHN BARREE, Whig. **City Attorney—ROBERT J. WHITING,** Whig. **Auditor—Jno. A. POPE,** Democrat. **Treasurer—HENRY S. BLAIR,** Democrat. **Assessor—THOS. H. CRAWFORD,** Whig.

And from the SLAVES of the SOUTH.—The New York Journal of Commerce announces the receipt of \$20 50 contribution from the slaves of Columbus, Mississippi, to relieve the distresses of the colored population of New York.

The Legislatures of Pennsylvania, Indiana and California have adjourned, without electing United States Senators. Missouri in all probability will do the same. It is also said, that Gov. MATTESON, of Illinois will not give Judge TRUMBULL a certificate of his election to the Senate, holding that he is not eligible under the clause of the Constitution which prohibits any Judge of the Supreme Court from accepting any other office during the term for which he was elected Judge, nor for one year after the expiration of such term. Judge TRUMBULL has resigned the office of Judge, but the term for which he was elected is not yet expired.

Gov. MATTESON, also refuses to give a certificate of election to Judge MARSHALL, Representative elect from the 9th district, on similar grounds.

HOW TO DETECT PHOTOGRAPHIC COUNTERFEITS.—The Cincinnati Columbian says that the new style of counterfeiting bank notes by photography, can be detected by applying a solution of corrosive sublimate, (bi-chlorid of mercury) on the note with a soft camel's hair pencil. It will obliterate the counterfeit presentment entirely, while it has no effect whatever on the printed note.

THE COURT OF CLAIMS.—We think the law establishing a court to investigate and decide upon claims upon the government, is the best law enacted by Congress at its recent session. We learn from the Frankfort Commonwealth, that the idea of such a court originated with Hon. Thomas A. MARSHALL, present Chief Justice of Kentucky, who, when in Congress more than twenty years ago, introduced a bill for that purpose, and advocated it in a speech of great ability.

Ex-Gov. METCALFE ON THE AMERICAN PLATFORM.—We find in the Maysville Eagle a letter from Ex-Gov. THOMAS METCALFE, written in reply to one from JOHN B. HENDON, Esq., in which the venerable patriot takes strong ground against the admission of such swarms of foreigners to a participation in the control of this country, and takes decided ground in favor of "Sam's" main doctrine, that "Americans shall rule America."

FROM MEXICO.—Advices from Mexico, dated February 19th, represent Santa Anna to be daily loosing and Alvarez gaining ground. It is said that Santa Anna holds several steamers ready to receive him, on the approach of Alvarez, and has sent what he could of the seven millions from the United States, and valuables out of the country, and has sold the three millions yet to be paid to Mexico by the United States.

The English expedition, to Japan, it appears, was a failure. It is said that none of the liberties granted or courtesies shown to the American officers, were extended to the English. Even the Admiral was not permitted to see any part of the country, a high fence being raised on both sides of the path by which he was conducted from the wharf to the house of the Governor of Nagasaki. The officers, though they made every effort, could not obtain the smallest specimens of Japanese art or manufacture.

The Western Citizen (Whig) published at Paris, is opposed to the holding of a Whig State Convention. It says:

In the present condition of the Whig party, we can see no possible advantage in holding a Convention. It is not worth while to mire the matter. So large a portion of the Whig party has gone off into the new party which has spread over the country gathering its members from all parts, that such a convention would represent but the merest fraction of the Whigs of the State.

The Washington Sentinel states that upward of forty-two Senators and one hundred and eighty members of the House, unit in a letter to the President, stating, in effect, that in voting for the appointment of an additional Brigadier General it was their expectation and wish that General SHIELDS, who proved himself a gallant soldier in the Mexican war, should be directed to the command.

Appropriations.—Congress scattered the public treasure with a profuse hand during the last days of the session, the whole appropriations amounting to some sixty millions. The General Appropriation bill was \$10,000,000; the Army, \$15,000,000; Navy, \$15,000,000; Post Office, \$8,500,000; Pensions, \$1,400,000; and Forifications, \$1,672,000. The appropriations for forifications are scattered from Pensacola, Me., all along the Atlantic coast and Gulf of Mexico, round to St. Phillippe, La., fort on the northern frontier of Texas, \$50,000, fort at entrance of San Francisco harbor, \$300,000; and fort Alcatras Island, \$200,000.

River and harbor improvement get nothing, unless it be some \$40,000 for deepening St. Clair Flats, and a like sum for improving St. Mary's river.

A BRITISH KNOW NOTHING.—The following paragraph is from "American Jottings," by Wm. Chambers, which appear in the Journal which bears his name. He promises to give, in a future number, a paper upon the National movement in this country:

Myriads of ignorant and excitable foreigners, the refuse of Europe, too early admitted to the rights of citizenship, are undoubtedly the pest of this great and prosperous community; guided by passion, and suffering themselves to become the instruments of native place-hunting politicians, they assault and intimidate, or at least keep away from the polls, many of the peaceably disposed inhabitants. Practically thro' the agency of this base element in the population, a condition of things is produced which has been hinted at in my previous account of New York, and which struck me as the nearest approach to an abdication of public authority.

Russian HUMOR.—A French officer serving before Sevestopol tells the following story in a private letter to a friend in Paris. It shows that Russian soldiers are not deficient in humor:

"We often see a white flag hoisted to the top of a pole" and hear the trumpet sound in the Russian ambuscades. This of course, means "flag of truce." At once the fire ceases, and a vast number of heads are seen to pop up from under the earth to the open air. The Russians hold up to the right and left, the trumpets and glasses, as if they invited them to drink each other's health. The French reply by flourishing their tin cans; and they pledge each other's health. The bearer of the flag of truce advances on horseback, stops at about 100 paces from our trenches while the nearest French officer goes forward to receive the dispatches. I yesterday witnessed a meeting of the kind. The parlementaire courteously took his glove from his right hand, and shook that of a Captain of Chasseurs, who had gone out to meet him. So you see the Russians are not the Cossacks they have been taken for. The parlementaire retires, the white flag is pulled down, and the murmurous din re-commences as before."

Well, to our mind, that is exactly what it means; and "nothing else." All over the Union, the Administration party are coalescing with foreigners, abolitionists, and every odd end and end, and faction, to break down the American party. In New Hampshire they are running for Governor and members of Congress, bitter anti-Nebraska men—pledged to anti-slavery movements. In the north Seward is the leader of the opposition to Americanism; in the south the leading fire-eaters are contending for the premiership.

Let our readers pay no attention to the cries of abolitionism made by certain party presses, against the American party.

For "The Shelby News."

Town Chips.

PICKED UP BY THE BOY IN THE WHITE HAT.

Home again! home again! from Missouri's shore,

And oh! it fills my boots with joy,

To meet the girls once more."

Yes, I am at Home. Happy is he who knows and can appreciate the full bliss of home; whose heart is warmed by its cheerful influences, and who feels how superior in purity of pleasure are all its enjoyments to the turmoil delights of out door life. Thrice happy is such a man! he has discovered the only paradise this world can afford. It is only such a man who can be a deep and sincere pity for the unfortunate creatures who are homeless; he regards them as being cut off from the best influences of earth, and exposed to the action of the darker woes of life; he feels keenly for him that has no fireside—no dear ones to welcome him with smiles, and prattle over the history of the day; no tongue to soothen when heavy cares have troubled the mind, and rendered the heart sore. The sympathy of such a man is not slow to overflow in acts of benevolence. What a world of thought is contained in that one little word: Home. Truly had the poet said: "Home: it trills the sweetest cord ever sounded on Men's harp."

I am extremely sorry to hear that the exercises of The Literary Club

Had been suspended. It is a pity that the young men didn't keep it up. There is not a town of any note in Kentucky—even the "ancient city of Peotie"—but what has enough young men in it who take pride in sustaining a Lyceum. Shelbyville is known far and wide for her institutions of learning, and is regarded as containing a population more intelligent than that of any other town in the State. still her citizens cannot sustain a debating club through the winter. I have the honor to thank you for your kind inquiry.

The City Council,

Are getting along "the same old way."—I guess they think it the "righteous way," as they stick to it so long—Some of them are speculating about an Armenian war. I don't know what they want it for, unless to wash the streets. If they want to do something worthy of handing their names down to posterity, let them buy about a dozen.

Street Lamps.

There is no town that needs them worse. The cost of them will not be more than \$150. Why are we without a

Night-Watch?

And there has been no one acting in that capacity for about three months. Our town is also without a

Street Surveyor.

And has been for some time. What is the result?

The streets are about a foot deep in mud and filth, and almost every ten steps you can see the carcass of a dead hog or a dog. Our citizens need not expect the cholera to pass us by this summer. The display made by the Fire Company

On Friday afternoon last, was very creditable to the members. It was pleasing to see so many young men "running with the machine." If they have taken the master in hand, I'll bet my "hat" that we will have the best company in the State. Success to them! May they always be prepared, but never have the opportunity, to "battle with the devouring element!" I would suggest to the City Council to fill up the Sink-Holes.

On the Public Square. Or, if they wish to beautify the square, fence them in; they'll make fine goose-poops. If they lack the geese, all that is necessary is to them to "jump in." That is a day of revolution!

Cellar Door.

Of which I have so often spoken, is not kept closed after night. For the information of all, I would state that it is on the south side of Main street, between

the town hall and the post office.

The Louisville Times,

Or Thursday late attempts to "handle the boy" without success!

The Professor of "GREENY"—The correspondent of the Shelbyville News—who said he had no visitors on the tables at the Gall House—has arrived in St. Louis. He was very much astonished on entering the room. We have abandoned the Gall House, and have not been received and entertained at any other hotel in the city. We have been staying at the Gall House, and will remain there until we have secured a room at the Gall House.

And have been staying at the Gall House.

The Garland.

O! TEMPT ME NOT TO DRINK AGAIN!

Of tempt me not to drink again,
For I have drunk too deep ere now,
Till reason fled my reg'ns brain,
And Beast was branded on my brow.

How oft for me the goblet's brim
Had sparkled with ambrosial wine;
Whilst 'neath its surface dark and grim,
Despair would whisper—thou art mine.

Away, accursed thing, away,
The goblet longer bears the red
Which all entice who, bred astray,
Have b'dow' the brand on the drunkard's god.

Long years have pass'd since first I fell
A victim to your charms,

What I have suffered none can tell,
How long—sigh! too many know.

Three hours upon the deep green ocean,
The eldest scarcely yet two-score—
They fled a drunken father's home,
And may perchance return no more.

Two steps beside their mother's grave—
The happiest of the live;

And 'ere remous for me to save,
If yet my daughter be alive.

I saw her, 'tis not long ago,
Her brown, though plain, bold bore

The impress of some hidden woe
When hope angelic beam'd before.

Full well I know the secret grief
Which press'ns upon your breaking heart,

And what alone can bring relief
And bid 'em now despair depart.

Then tempt me not to drink again,
For I have drunk too deep ere now,
The goblet's not so deep as you—
And Beast was branded on my brow.

—

Miscellaneous.

From the "Temper Magazine."

KATE ROSELY:

OR, WHAT THE TEMPLE CAN DO.

Merrily chimed the parish bells of S— upon a lovely morning in April of 1850, and well they echoed the feelings of the joyous-hearted villagers. The very bells as they rustled the leaves of the tall and patriarchal hulking maple trees, that stood like burly sentinels along the gravel pathway which led to Andrew's Chapel, seemed invisible messengers of happiness and pleasure, as they flamed the curls of the lasses, and tossed the snowy cap strings of the old dames. Gay scenes were to take place; for that very morning Hugh Maldon was to wed the village pride—sweet, laughing, bonny Kate Rosely, whose sunny smile for yeas had been the common property of all the parishioners, and who looked for her cheerful presence, with the dawn of each day, with almost as much anxiety as they did for the coming of the sun. Long had she reigned, without desiring it, the blooming county belle, of the whole section; always gay, always smiling, every one loved her, till Hugh Maldon, the handsome young miller, laid siege to the citadel of her heart, and then she submitted without resistance.

The 15th of April was determined on as the day which should make the twain one, and all through the county that period was looked forward to as a gay day. Everybody was invited to come, and such preparations were never heard of before.

The carefully hoarded insect and the flaunting ribbons of the girls were brought forth from the darkness of the clothes-chest, while the young maidens were brushing away for days, at spare intervals, to get the dust from their "Sunday-go-to-meeting's;" the cow-hides boots, saturated with home made blacking, were scrubbed and scrubbed till they shone through very bright, while the "old folks at home," having an eye to the stomachical comforts, were superintending the indiscriminate slaughter of the biped race in the barn yard, whose nicely roasted bodies were to garnish the dinner-table of the young married folks. The village church presented the appearance of the interior of some large hot-house; festoons of cedar and myrtle were wound around the stur and suspended from the ceiling, while huge bouquets of rare and beautiful flowers were scattered plentifully around. The fat old sexton, dressed in his ancient suit of rusty black, stood with his face distended with smiles, rubbing his hands gleefully together in my anticipation of the numberless little presents he would receive that day.

Well, everything was arranged at last, and the church bells began their pealing as a signal for the company to assemble, and soon the streets were full of gay parishioners dressed in their holiday apparel. They all went down to the bride's house, where they formed a procession, with the happy couple in the middle, and then the party waded their way to the church, where the minister stood, in his long white robes, ready to perform the gladsome task of uniting the twain, whom universal acclamation had decreed to be the handsomest and best behaved couple in the whole village. Everybody was smiling—everybody was happy, and the whisperings and the sly laughings of the crowd sounded like the chattering of a whole aviary. But now as the assembly is silent, for the minister had stopped the pulpit and commenced a prayer, in which he invoked the Divine blessings to rest upon the young pair that day to be wedded together.

When he had finished the invocation he descended to the railing below, and, while the audience were almost breathless with attention, he called the young couple forward. The bridegroom grasped the tiny hand of the blushing little bride, and led her smilingly to the pastor, while the crowd rose in their seats, and leaned forward as if to catch every syllable that might fall.

"Wilt thou take this woman standing by thy side to be thy lawful wedded wife, to honor, cherish and protect her, in sickness and in health?" asked the preacher, with his broad, good natured face expanded with joy. Hugh quickly responded, "I will," while a low, yet clear and distinct, affirmative response stole from the ruby lips of our bonny Kate. Then came the solemn,

"I pronounce you man and wife; and 'whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'" After this followed the benediction, and ere the minister had fairly closed, Hugh had clasped his lovely bride within his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her pretty cheeks. This was the signal, and kissing and congratulation became universal. Shortly the whole crowd wended its way to the mother's, where there was a bountiful collation set out, to which ample justice was done. After this came the merry dance, and the moon was riding high in the blue vault above before the young people dispersed.

This young couple settled down to quiet life, in the great cottage above the mill, and everything promised fair for their happiness; but a cloud not bigger than a man's hand, had appeared on the horizon of their future, and, though it caused no alarm to any one, it contained the elements of destruction, which would blight the joys of the youthful couple.

Soon, like every other village, contained one or more depots of hell, in the shape of groceries; and, as small as they were,

they managed yearly to fill some drunkard's grave, and to banish peace, forever, from many firesides.

One of these hells was situated below the mill, and the other between the mill and Hugh's house, both very convenient to him; and, when business was not very brisk, he used to go to one or the other of them, to while away the time with the crowd which usually hang around such places. Soon a drop of something was pleasant to wash away the dust of his throat, whenever he happened there; and, gradually, he became accustomed to go there, especially to drink, and then he found it agreeable to stop and take something as he was going to dinner and supper. The serpent was crawling toward him, and the obsequious agent of destruction, who presided at the bar, with a smile of deceit upon his countenance, gladly extended his hand toward the victim to lead him to hell.

Kate saw and felt that her influence had vanished before the power of her husband's depraved appetite, and her soul sickened as she felt the soft floating, fitful breath of him she loved over her. She begged and entreated, but it was of no avail; for the Demon of Intemperance once secures a lodgment in the breast of its victim, the tears and supplications of friends and relatives float by unheeded. Rapidly was Hugh descending to ruin, and it would be useless and tiresome to detail his fall. He fell from his high position—as an honest, sober, industrious man—into the depths of infamy and wretchedness, with the rapidity that the eagle descends to earth when the unerring arrow of the huntsman strikes his heart. Affairs went on, becoming worse and worse. Their once neat little cottage was sadly out of repair, and the wind whistled a mournful requiem through the crevices of the deserted mill. Their property was fast going to the till of the rum-seller, and, stung to desperation, Kate one day threw on her tattered shawl, and sought out the keeper of one of the doggeries, who, by the way, was a *preacher*, (?) and implored him not to sell any more liquor to her husband. "Pooh! pooh!" w'man go away; I will promise nothing of the kind. He is too good a customer; and, besides, he will drink—and I may as well have his money as neighbor Simpson." She then went to the other who was a *deacon* (?) and made the same request to him; but she was met with the same answer, and mournfully she turned away, while her heart seemed as if it would break at the thought that she would be compelled to watch her husband die by the hand of legalized murderers! Oh! will not God call these to account, who trifle thus with human life—and give them the punishment which the vengeances upon those hypocrites, who light the fires of damnation in their still houses during the week, and then speak of the Sabbath.

When things had gone on this way for some time, the papers announced that the distinguished B— would lecture on temperance in the village church. This announcement caused some excitement, as the deacon and the minister were afraid their business would be injured, and, consequently, did all they could to prevent it. But there were a fay-golly persons in the place, who were determined to give the speaker a good reception; and, so industriously were they, that, when he came, there was a crowded house to hear him.—Kate was there, looking almost broken-hearted; for she had not succeeded in persuading Hugh to come. The speaker commented, and, as he detailed the horrors of intemperance, and told the fearful effects of the curse, in words that seemed to burn, his audience became intensely interested; and as he went on and depicted the veniality of the rum-seller, and the punishment reserved for him, the crowd became so excited that a universal shout, in the affirmative, answered the speaker's query: Whether they would assist in destroying the curse of Intemperance? When he had closed, a paper was handed around, and the corner stones of a glorious *Temple of Honor* were laid, and the next night he had quite speaking, the structure was completed, and its attendant shadow, the *Social Degree*, was established, and both dedicated to T. L. P. and F. Kate connected herself with the latter; and, when they got into full operation, she felt as if she could almost forget her sorrows within the precincts of the sacred circle. She begged Hugh, by the memory of their earthly love, to join the *Temple*, and rid himself of the accursed habit which was fast devouring him; but, no, he was too much wedded to his own destruction, and all her entreaties only seemed to irritate him. He taunted her always about her *Degree*, and called the members hypocrites, and said they were only trying to make money.—Deep and still deeper did he sink into degradation, and, in a short time, the very worst enemy of his would not have professed such a fate as befell him. The *delirium tremens*, with its thousand terrors, fastened upon his vitals and lashed his guilty soul. Oh! it was dreadful to see him, as he rolled from side to side, impetrating his MAKER, while the frost issued from his lips. For six long and weary weeks Kate watched by his bedside, and tended him with loving kindness and unremitting assiduity. At length his constitution triumphed over the disease, and weak, pale and emaciated, he began to walk about. With a heart beating with hope, Kate spoke to him again about reforming, pressed him to grant her request before the human harpies again seduced him into the paths of drunkenness. He hesitated, she implored; but, as he still faltered, bat, with eyes streaming tears, she besought him to join the *Temple*, so that the misery might again be happy. As the thought of the misery he had brought her and himself, he consented, and, weeping with joy, Kate threw herself upon his bosom in anticipation of the joyful words that he would say.

"I am going to speak with you about Lucy," she said.

"If you love me name her not; and 'whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'" After this followed the benediction, and, ere the minister had fairly closed, Hugh had clasped his lovely bride within his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her pretty cheeks. This was the signal, and the members came thronging around to congratulate him. Hugh felt better than he had for years before, and he determined, with God's help, to keep his vow of total abstinence. He went home that night sober, and, as his now light-hearted Kate met him at the door and kissed him as of yore, he felt happy.

The next night saw him initiated into the Social Degree; and, as he stood among the lovely females congregated there, he felt he could not again become intemperate. To reform was now the object of his life, and he determined to devote all his energies to the accomplishment of that purpose. Being a good miller, he got immediate employment (for another now owned his mill,) and the scales began to come back once more on the faces of Kate and Hugh. Their clothing was

once more comfortable and decent looking.

In vain the preacher (?) and deacon, (?) with all their satellites, endeavored to make Hugh ashamed of his reformation—he was steady; and in vain did they ply their hellish wiles and lay their tempting baits—the reformed Hugh was not to be seduced.

He went on his way rejoicing, and blessing God for his conversion. Two years rolled on, and still our friend is in the paths of sobriety and happiness. Once more he walks the mill floor as its owner, and as his good natured face is seen through the dust of flour, it looks broader than ever. The "cottage home" above the mill is again his property, and the woodbine clusters over the doors in greater profusion than ever—while Kate, as gay as the lark, employs her days in superintending domestic affairs. Often as Hugh and his wife sit together in the evening, before their cottage door, and gaze upon their present happiness, they murmur, in thankfulness: "God bless the Temple of Honor." The tide of reform has once more swept over the little village; and now, thank God, all the depts fire have been closed, and all the still fires have been quenched, by the army of Templars—and now, should a transient brother stop at S—, and visit the "Temple and Degee," he will be welcomed by P. W. C. T. Maldon, and S. P. T. Maldon. Who will say now that the Temple is not a great and powerful lever to work this reformation? No one; but all will, I think, incline to the opinion of good old Bro. Pooley: "The drunkard, to enter the temple of God on high, must first pass through the gateways of the Temperance temple on earth." Then, let all true friends utter the prayer, "God bless the Temple."

True Words Better than Tears.

BY KATE SOUTHERLAND.

"What could I say? To offer consolation would have been a waste of words. Nothing was left to me but to weep with my poor friend."

"Nothing?" was the calmly spoken inquiry.

"There are gifts so deep as to demand only our tears," was replied.

"Yet the physician, no matter how virulent the disease, will tell you while there is life, there is hope. Is it not the same mental diseases?"

"What medicament can reach this case?" was asked.

"There is only one remedy to be applied in all cases of mental pain."

"What is that?"

The first speaker a lady, looked doubtfully into the face of her friend.

"To set down and weep with those who are in trouble or affliction, may do for a brief season; but to make tears a substitute for consoling words, it is to say that earth has a sorrow to share."

"But what could I say that her own heart would not suggest?"

"Much. There is usually a selfishness in sorrow that obscures the preception of truth. The grieving one narrows down all things to a little circle, in the centre of which she sets weeping. Darkness obscures her mind. She forgets the great truth that all sorrow is for purification; and that whilst she is in the furnace of affliction, the Refiner and Purifier is sitting near, and will see that only the dross of self-love is consumed." Far better would it be to say, "It is good for us to be afflicted;" thus throwing a truth into the mind—than merely to mingle tears with the case of the case absolves her."

"Her father will never forgive her," said Mrs. Edwards.

Her voice subsided from its recent sternness. "This act has separated him from his child."

A step was heard in the passage, at this moment. The ladies glanced towards the door, and saw Mr. Edwards. There was a dark shadow on his face. He nodded coldly to the visitor, who said to him, speaking from the moment's impulse.—"This cannot be true."

"What?" he inquired.

"That you will never forgive Lucy for the step she has taken!"

The shadow on his face grew darker, as he answered—

"She was forewarned of the consequences."

"But you will relent and forgive."

"Never!"

"You have a father?" said the visitor, impressively.

Mr. Edwards looked with a half doubtful, half-startled air into face of his interrogator.

"A Father in Heaven!" and a finger, slowly raised was pointed upward.

"Madam!"

The voice of Mr. Edwards was far from being steady.

"Have you never offended—never acted in disobedience to the will of that Father? What if He were to say, 'I will never relent nor forgive'?"

"Pardon this freedom of speech in one who claims to be a true friend," added the lady, in a changed and lower tone of voice.

Then raising, she passed from the room where they spoke to the parlour, where the minister had stopped to give the service.

"I am neither wise nor skillful, so far as my unhappy friend is concerned."

"Say not so. If we desire to be instruments of good, He, who is seeking the good of all His creatures, will show us the way of its accomplishment. Do you not think that some merely selfish considerations are seriously aggravating this trouble of Mrs. Edwards?"

"I am sure of it. Dearly cherished end of her own have been utterly destroyed.

Bleeding with her fears for her child are mortification and wounded love. While she sees no promise of happiness for Lucy, in the future, she sympathized with the erring child.

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